







# THE WESLEYAN

*Ad Astra per Asperum*

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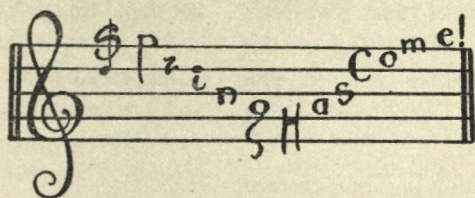
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*"The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven--  
All's right with the world!"*  
— From "Pippa Passes"  
by Robert Browning.

## *The Jack O' Hearts*

By NAOMI SMITH, 1926.

"I never want to see you again. Never want to hear of you. I—I detest you. I detest myself for ever trusting you, for ever thinking I loved you. Loved you! As if I ever would again. Go! Go!—forever!"

"But June"—with a pleading gesture, Dr. Jack Derance started toward her. She stood there straight and immovable as if all of her blond loveliness had frozen to an icy, lifeless form. Her eyes, burning with an unquenchable fire, singed the very soul of the young physician, as with arm outstretched, pointing to the door, her lips again formed that one word, "Go."

For an instance, Dr. Derance stood uncertain, then with the look of a martyr going to the stake, he hurried out of the room, out of the house, out into the streets, on, on, on. Up one street, down another, he walked without knowing where he went. He thought, but all he could hear were those two words, "Go forever." And so he went on, on, on.

Just as the moon and its million starry companions slowly sank to rest, and the crimson banner of the rising sun was hung over the blue dome of the sky, Jack Derance, worn by his physical and mental exertions, turned his weary footsteps homeward. He walked slowly up the tree-bordered drive, up the steps of the old Colonial house, into the living room, and, throwing himself across the lounge, fell into a troubled sleep.

But a broken-hearted physician cannot stop. He must go on with his work, curing others, while he himself suffers.

Two months later, a society of which Jack's sister, Sylvaine, was an enthusiastic member, gave a carnival for the benefit of its pet charities. Sylvaine begged Dr. Jack to go and take her. "You not only owe it to the society, but you owe it to yourself. Why, Jack, you have not been to a single place in two months."

"I know, but I do not want to go, it gives me no pleasure, and—"

"No pleasure! My heavens, your pride ought to make you go. Why, everybody in town knows you are just moaning for June," she replied angrily.

And so Dr. Derance took his sister to the carnival. The carnival was held in the spacious yards of one of Sylvaine's friends. The great elm trees were lighted with hundreds of bright-colored Japanese lanterns. Tiny flower-decked booths were scattered here and there. Groups of boys and girls were gathered together, laughing and enjoying life. And over all the moon cast a mellow light, blending the world into one lovely picture.

Dr. Jack wandered back and forth among his men friends, talking of business and tennis, and always looking out for June in the hope that she would explain why she had sent him away. Soon Sylvaine found him and pounced upon him relentlessly.

"You bad boy, what on earth do you think I brought you here for? Why,



you can talk to these men any day, but you can't give money to the carnival any old time. This is a chance in a life time. Here, go in there and have your palm read!"

Dr. Derance found himself shoved into the fortune teller's tent.

The interior was dimly lighted by a small fire. To one side, a woman, covered by a vari-colored robe, was bending over some cards spread out before her. As Jack entered, she looked up.

"Tella your fortune, meester? Good fortune, maybee."

Dr. Jack started to protest, but decided he might as well go on and make the best of it, as he was already in the room.

After a moment of deep thought, the fortune teller began: "As you not good blonde, me will run you through as the Jack of Hearts. Oh, yes, but your are the fortunate one. De wealth, advantage and health cards together. Much travel. Ah,—a wee bit melancholy. You unhappy. No—yes, lately, you loved. De girl, she is blonde. The jealousy card is between you two. Clubs, spades—ah, dat bad nature brings trouble. The card of imagination. One of you have imagined some things . . . without warrant."

"I do not understand."

"Oh, you need not have the jealousy. There are no other men between you and de girl. She does not love any other."

"Are you sure?"

"Positif," said the Gypsy.

"But she might, see how near that Jack of Diamonds is to my blonde," he replied, studying the cards.

"Oh, yes, but the love cards are not between them."

"Where are they, then?"

"On the other side, between you and the blonde."

"Then that means—she loves me?"

"Yes," said the Gypsy, so low that he had to lean forward to hear her, "Yes, she loves you—lots."

For a moment, Jack was silent, then jumping to his feet, he said gruffly, "You are wrong. You see I knew before I came in. It's all rubbish."

The Gypsy also sprang up, and as she did, her rainbow robe fell from her face. She clutched at it but it was too late. Dr. Jack had seen that the Gypsy was June.

He started toward her, "June, did you mean it? Do you still love me?"

"Y-Yes."

"Then, why did you send me away? Why did you say you detested me?"

There was a moment's breathless silence, then with a catch of her breath, June began, "Oh, it was all my fault. I—I was jealous. That night Mary had her party, and you were to take me, and you didn't come or send me word, and somebody saw you riding uptown with—"

"But, June, I sent you word by Bob. Sister's chum was spending the week-end with her. That evening she received a telegram saying her mother was ill and that she must come at once. Her train had left and there was nothing for me to do but take her in the car. I called up at your house, but no one answered, then I wrote to you and asked Bob to take the letter to you. I bet it's in his pocket now. The rascal! And I thought there was some one else."

"No, never. Now sit down and let me finish telling the future of my Jack O'Hearts."



# History of Colonial Newspapers

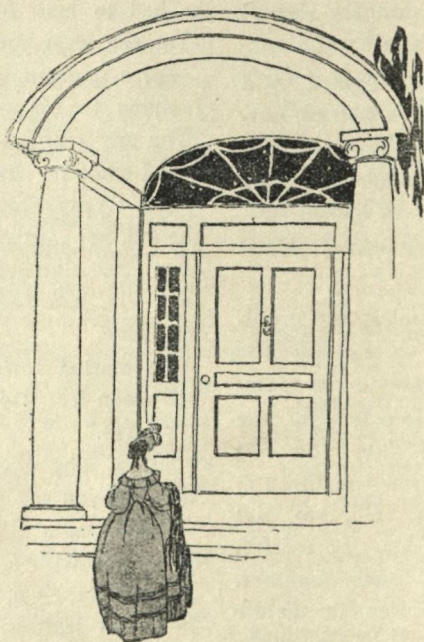
By ELLA MIMS, '26.

When the Mayflower landed at Plymouth in 1620, with the first immigrants to this country, one of the most important persons on board was William Brewster. His value to the colony grew, not only out of his political ability and noble character, but also from his experience as a printer. He had printed a number of books for the little band while they were refugees in Holland. So the people who came over on the Mayflower were used to printing and newspapers and the way was paved for American journalism.

Another event of importance connected with the Mayflower was the drawing up of a written compact by which the people might be willingly governed. This marked the beginning of American independence that has ever manifested itself in the newspapers.

In 1639 we find the first printing press imported from England and in 1690 the second one. But the governor of Massachusetts, following the example of the home government, forbade printing save in Cambridge and there under strict governmental supervision.

Since the first page of any American



newspaper between 1721 through 1740 was more than likely to contain essays and verses, we must understand the literary influences that manifested themselves in the colonial newspapers.

All writings were done by ecclesiastics and practical men of affairs as Benjamin Franklin and Colonel William Byrd. Secular reading was not encouraged especially in the north. So the only source of literature open to the

masses of the people was the newspaper.

The papers were small, ill-printed, often half legible. Why, then, we want to ask, were they so literary? In the first place, in order to exist, inter-colonial news was irregular and unsystematic, and foreign news was about six months old when received since there were no ships during winter months. Then political editorials "were not the fashion of the times." It is true that the editor might write homilies but then he knew they were not needed by his readers.

Then, in order to have a paper, an attempt was made at essay and verse

*(Continued on page 33.)*

## *Late*

By ALICE EDGE, 1927.

*Oh, Mister Moon, don't shine on me.  
 Too late your beams now fall.  
 You wouldn't shine for me last night,  
 So why shine now at all?*

*To-night alone I see your glow  
 Here in the college hall;  
 But last night at the junior prom  
 You wouldn't shine at all.*

*The charm your glowing lends to me  
 Comes now, alas, too late;  
 Last night the darkness hid from HIM  
 The beauty of his date.*

*Oh, Mister Moon, your flattering beams  
 Fall softly on my brow;  
 If you had shone this way last night  
 A frat pin I'd have now.*



## Sweet Revenge

By LUCIA SAMMONS, 1924.

"Where's Jean?" Mary asked of each of the five girls lounging in various stages of dishabille. Finally Marian admitted that she was still out in the swing with Zeke.

"I thought none of us were going to have late dates to-night. Mother will be furious," Mary sighed.

Mary Crenshaw's houseparty had been a glorious success for ten days, and her mother, tired of endless "Watch Parties," had issued an ultimatum for the remaining nights of no late dates after parties.

"Well, I do wish she'd have sense enough to come on in!" Mary forgot her position as hostess, for the moment, as a jealous pang shot through her. For she was secretly very much in love with the attractive Zeke Richards who was spending his vacation at Myrtle Beach, which had been Mary's summer playground since her father had bought the lovely old place just up from "The Yacht Club."

And she had hoped that he was beginning to see her—for he had told her, one night before the girls came, of the sad love affair that had turned him into a confirmed woman-hater—until he met her, who reminded him so much of his "long lost Gloria."

His story was so poignantly sad and romantic that Mary was subtly thrilled and flattered, and had lain awake at night thinking about poor Zeke and imagining herself his Gloria. Those air castles seemed made of flimsy stuff indeed, for these guests of Mary's had apparently knocked him cold, for he

had been unusually nice to them all. (No hint of the woman-hater here.)

"And he has had a date with every last one of them," Mary sighed and curled up on the bed with the others for a session.

In an attempt to appear light-hearted, lest they read her secret, she tossed out laughingly, "He must be smitten on her; this looks like it!"

"I wonder," mused Constance, a tall dark girl, "You know, I'm sorry for Zeke—he had such a sad experience. I'd love to tell you all, but he asked me not to tell a soul: you see it's rather sacred to him."

"Did he tell you she looked just like you?" ventured Virginia, the little golden-haired baby-doll girl, with a drawl.

The black eyes of Constance snapped threateningly. "You mean thing—eavesdropping on us last night; aren't you ashamed, Virginia Correll?"

"Eavesdropping, the dickens! What do you mean anyhow? I guess a little ole apology is in order, Miss Connie! If you must know, he told me his life's sorrow last Sunday night, when we were strolling down the beach; and he said his Gloria was exact replica of me! Look me over girls, think we could pass for twins exactly?"

The others laughed out in chorus, "He told me the same thing. Some line!"

All six started in telling their version of Zeke's sob story, collaborating on details hysterically, for each had

(Continued on page 43.)



## EDITORIAL SECTION

### *"In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy—"*

By CARRIE LOU ALLGOOD, '26.

Spring! Love! Fancy! All these are interesting subjects and it was Tennyson who associated them, he who declared that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Spring is the magic season!

Then it is that the Muse hastens unbidden to the young man's pen and rippling rhymes of tender love flow from the once calm, unemotional youth. He compares his love to the width of the ocean, the height of the stars, the bounds of the bending skies. He composes love lyrics suppressed during all the year.

Why is it? What has Spring done? Is there a spell over the whole earth or only a magic veil over the man's eyes?

It may be that Mother Nature has cast an enchanting glow over the whole earth. The young man never knew a daisy was so beautiful. A fair maid-

en's face seems to peep from its center. Every hedge borders a "Lovers' Lane." Never have the birds sung so blithely. A spell is cast over the shrubbery in the garden; the moon shines with gentleness; in the midst of it all he pictures Mary softly playing her violin.

Is it that Oberon has drained magic flower juice into the eyes of the youth or has Spring itself cast a haze over his eyes? For now he forgets that loud colors are conspicuous and believes that each face peeping from under a brilliant colored spring bonnet is prettier than the last. The moonlight is a bit softer, music a bit sweeter, every girl a bit dearer. Spring has come! Everything is changed. Each boy's fancy has turned to love.

Is the glimmer over the earth or over the eyes? Nobody knows. Still, regardless,—the fancy turns. And the young ladies are not sorry.





## *New Books in the Library*

By MISS KATHARINE PAYNE CARNES, *Librarian.*

I have been asked to review some of the books recently added to the library. Books which were ordered for use as parallel reading will be introduced to the students by the professors and are assured of a reading without any word from me. In these paragraphs, therefore, I shall mention only books of general interest.

Among the new fiction, Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt" is probably the most notable. "Babbitt" is the story of an average prosperous American business man in an average American city and will be enjoyed by those who liked "Main Street," but perhaps to a greater extent, as "Babbitt" is a book of more humor and more insight than "Main Street." Opinions of its merit have been widely divergent. The Boston Transcript makes the somewhat surprising statement that "It is as yellow a novel as a novel can be" while the New York Times calls it "a successful, amusing ironic human document in our social history" and "one of the finest social satires in the English language." It will be interesting to note the reaction of our students to it.

Readers of "The Brimming Cup," who loved Marise and Neale Crittenden and their New England home, will welcome the arrival of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Rough Hewn." In "Rough Hewn" we meet Marise and Neale in their childhood and learn a great deal about them that "The Brimming Cup" had made us wish to know. Another piece of Mrs. Fisher's work recently added to the library is a group of

sketches under the title "Raw Material." These sketches vary in merit, but the best of them are deftly done and altogether delightful. Among the best is the story of the little girl who was forced to follow Prosperpina's example and to divide her year into six months' visits. The account of her complicated existence, when she spent the first half of the year with her prim, painfully thrifty New England maternal relations, only to be passed on for the next six months to the other side of the family where laziness and complete lack of responsibility were the rule, makes an appealing story.

"The Enchanted April" is a book that has been very popular with the reading public. It is the story of four dissatisfied ladies who rented a villa in Italy and succeeded each in attaining her heart's desire. It is told with the cleverness characteristic of the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

A new book by Booth Tarkington is always eagerly received at Wesleyan. This time his latest is not a novel, but a book of short stories which have been published in various magazines and which now appear under the title, "The Fascinating Stranger, and Other Stories." These are written with Mr. Tarkington's usual humor and spontaneity and will be welcomed by lovers of the short story.

Another book of short stories which will hardly be so popular but which is deserving of comment in any list is the collection by Katherine Mansfield, entitled "The Garden Party, and Other



Stories." Katherine Mansfield, who was the wife of John Middleton Murray, editor of the London Nation and Athenaeum, died about a year ago and since that time has been acclaimed by reviewers of all kinds as a short story writer of genius. Joseph Collins states in the New York Times that "she knew her art as Leonardo knew his." Current Opinion takes a more moderate view and states that "her genius was slender but very refined. Her sensibility was her chief gift.

O'Brien's "Best Short Stories for 1922 and for 1923" and the "O. Henry Prize Memorial Collection of Stories for 1922" are additions that will prove popular. Another collection of interest is the "Burns Mantle Best Plays of 1922." A slender volume that should attract Southern readers is Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee." I have not had the opportunity for first hand knowledge of this play, and although I am told that it is disappointing, it will be interesting to see how an Englishman presents the South's great hero.

The most notable of the new biographies is "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" by Burton Hendrick. This is an important book because it throws light on the state of feeling in England during Mr. Page's term as ambassador during the war and it is an absorbingly interesting book as well. In "William De Morgan and His Wife," Mrs. Stirling gives us a record of two interesting personalities. Most people will learn with surprise that De Morgan was a potter by profession and had never written in his life until he wrote "Joseph Vance" at the age of sixty-two.

Lord Frederic Hamilton's "Vanished Poms of Yesterday" is filled with interesting anecdotes and colorful narratives of his life as a British ambassador and proves entertaining reading. In "A Man From Maine," Edward Bok writes in an easy, popular style of his father-in-law, Cyrus Curtis from his newsboy days to his present position as head of the Curtis Publishing Company.

Poetry is represented by Marguerite Wilkinson's "Contemporary Poetry," Vachell Lindsay's "Collected Poems," T. A. Daly's "Madrigali," Hilda Conkling's "Shoes of the Wind," and Louis Untermeyer's "This Singing World." Mr. Untermeyer's anthology of modern verse for young people is a happy selection suited to many moods and tastes. Of her "Contemporary Poetry," Mrs. Wilkinson says in her introduction, "This book has been planned for use as a text in schools that offer courses in contemporary poetry. Nevertheless, I have made it with the hope that it will be enjoyed even more than it is studied. For without enjoyment the study of an art is fruitless." Preceding the work of each poet is a brief account of his life and an estimate of his work.

Other books of interest are Kephart's "Our Southern Highlanders," an account of the mountain whites of the South, "More Toasts," which will be welcomed by the toast mistress of the next banquet, and a very entertaining and well-written account of an investigation of labor conditions by Cornelia S. Parker called, "Working With the Working Woman." In her introduction to this book Mrs. Parker presents



her convictions and theories and then gives us in sparkling narrative six of her experiences as an industrial worker.

For week-end relaxation, the following should prove popular:

"Fool's Hill" by Dalrymple, "Satan"

by Stacpole, "The Battle Ground" by Ellen Glasgow, "The Man Who Lived in a Shoe" by Forman, "The Magnificent Ambersons" by Booth Tarkington, and "Mostly Sally" by Wodehouse.

## *Rats*

By MARY GODWIN, 1925.

There are three kinds of rats. One kind is a human being, one is a lowly animal, and one is an inanimate object.

The first kind of rat is really not a rat at all but a high school graduate who has recently entered college. These rats live in rooms similar to yours and mine. They are very useful, for in later years they form, one class, at the time, all the classes of the college. They are absolutely harmless; in fact they are the most unoffending creatures in the world. My only experience with this species is that I was a rat myself, and allow me to say that being a rat is a very pleasant occupation. The college rat has a brilliant future. He is very likely to be a senior some day if he passes all his examinations from the time he enters college to the end of his junior year.

The second species, the lowly animal, lives in dark closets during the day, and in almost any place in the house at night, from the felt pack inside the piano to the garbage can on the kitchen steps. Their greatest vice is eating things which were not intended to be eaten, and making weird noises at night. Their virtues have not yet been discovered, and it is not probable that they will be in the near future.

Their recreation consists of running across the floor and terrifying the ladies. These rats have no earthly hope of being anything but rats. Their future is the same as their past and present.

About ten years ago the third species was very popular, very useful and very much desired, by some people, especially those ladies who were not crowned with abundant locks of hair. These rats lived in the dresser drawers and on milady's dressing table. Their place of occupation was in her shining tresses. Their virtue was to make their owner's hair appear thick and fluffy, while their only vice was to slip out on the floor in the most disastrous manner. We all know the sad fate of these rats. They, poor creatures, after their service, no longer demanded by dame fashion, were rudely cast aside, to be forgotten by those whom they had served.

If I could be the kind of rat that I wanted to be, I would not be a hair rat because they are not stylish and I always disliked to be out of style. I would prefer to be a college rat, I mean the human species. This distinction is necessary because even the lowly animals go to college. What, do you doubt my last statement? If you do, come with me to my room and I will prove it.

# *“Spring”*

By VIRGINIA L. DOZIER, 1925.

*Like a butterfly emerging  
From her chrysalis in Spring,  
Suddenly from dead brown winter  
Bursts a green and silver wing.*

*Then another quickly follows  
E'er she poises in mid-air;  
And the south wind gently fans her  
Emerald leaf-wings fresh and fair.*

*What a bright and glorious creature  
Granted life so brief but sweet;  
For with first approach of summer  
Spring-time's task is all complete.*

*E'er the growing things can miss her  
Spring steals silently away,  
And the world ne'er stops to wonder  
Whither vanished blithesome May.*





## *An Intrigue In A Mining Camp*

By ELIZABETH SINQUEFIELD, 1926.

Nancy Linhart was not the girl to blush in the presence of anyone, but no girl could be blamed for feeling a strange throb of the heart at the sight of three well-dressed men at the office door. Not that men were not always lounging around at this small mining town, but these three were different. Nancy felt a slight color mount her cheeks as she kept her eyes steadily gazing at the door.

If the men seemed rude in staring after her, they must be forgiven, for Nancy was well worth their attention. Her athletic figure was properly erect and slender. Her black hair refused to stay under her felt hat and hung in curly wisps around her high forehead and into her large brown eyes.

"Whew!" sighed Tim Etheridge, "Believe I'll like the town!"

"A peachy kid, I'd say," puffed out Ed Horton, with a mouthful of cigarette smoke, daintily fingering the wisp of light hair on his upper lip.

The third made no comment, though his eyes had remained fixed on the door as if he feared he had only dreamed.

"Tell you what, old scout," ventured Tim, slapping Jack on the shoulder. "Let's toss a coin to see whether we go or stay. If it's heads, we don't leave this burg, and if it's tails, we stay."

Under ordinary circumstances the three would not have found a job, but William Linhart was in dire need of help. Only the day before he had discovered his engineer and telegraph operator, paid by the Hodgson Coal Mine, in a plot to wreck the mine and

thus make it impossible for the Brockton Company to fill the contract with the Pennsylvania Central in three months. William Linhart usually made slow decisions about business matters, but two of them had such pleasant, honest faces that he enrolled them for the night shift.

As he wrote the name for telegraph operator, he turned his keen eyes to the red-haired boy, for all three were mere youths, it seemed. Tim Etheridge leaned on the desk and with twinkling blue eyes answered in a deep voice, adding to Jack in an undertone, "—folks came over in Mayflower, so mother says."

The piercing eyes shifted to the slender boy, who was to be civil engineer. The sparkling black eyes met his own squarely. This boy had a manly face with his firm chin, determined lips, high forehead, and neatly combed black hair. Linhart glanced from the booted feet to the dusty shoulders and handsome face and knew he had employed a sturdy man. He wondered at the slight hesitation with which the boy gave his name as Jack Dalton.

The other of the three was enrolled as Ed Horton, laborer on night shift. In him he saw a man of slight stature with light hair, sharp nose, shifting gray eyes, and a tiny mustache dotting a slightly curled lip.

August and September hastened by and Cupid watched the increased labors of the mine with saddened eyes. He had spent the two months piercing hearts and now he saw Jack in his labor yielding his place by Nancy's side.



Neither could Tim find time to see her, leaving the field clear to Ed Horton. Furthermore, Cupid feared that his arrows had been strangely mixed, for Jack was with Linhart's stenographer, Jewel Horner, daily in his work, and had recently carried her, chewing gum, unkempt hair and all, to the movies; and Nancy herself granted dates to all three of her suitors and gave special favor to none.

"Well, Dalton," said Mr. Linhart to Jack, as only ten days remained before the fifteenth of October, on which day his contract fell due with the Pennsylvania Central, "Work's fine, I think. Don't believe our underhand rivals can interrupt our work now in time to hurt much."

He had come to trust his engineer so much that he talked over all his plans for work with him, but he could not approve of Nancy's going with him without knowing anything about his home and family.

"Yes, Mr. Linhart, with a few more—"

Here Jack broke off at the strange sight before him.

The miners were pouring wildly from the entrance of the mine. Ed Horton in the lead. The lights from their black caps showed faces blanched with fear under the coat of coal dust. Some stumbled down the hillside between trees and shrubs. Others leaped up the rocky path by the long office building where Linhart and Jack stood talking. One rushed up to the two.

"Ghost—down there—seen it—white,"—he gasped out.

Finally his talk became coherent and he told that as the workmen neared the interior chamber, a white figure had

glided from a hidden recess and frightened them out.

A thorough search through the mine revealed nothing. There was a repetition of the occurrence and no money could induce the miners to enter the mine for night work.

"Foolishness! Utter stupidity!" announced Jack to Tim. "If you are with me, we'll watch to-night and see what happens."

Linhart immediately decided to accompany them, and an expectant look from Nancy made Ed Horton volunteer.

Nancy came to watch the four enter the mine. Concealed by the entrance, she determined to wait until her father, her lover, (though none knew which it was) and her friends should come safely out. Various thoughts occupied her mind. She recalled her life in the mining camp with her father and mother. Tears sprang to her eyes as she remembered how the miners had gathered around the train when she left for college in the east. She thought of her graduation and of her trip home only to find her home bereft of its mother. She had given over her plans and remained in the camp to keep a home for her father. Every miner loved her, and she went among them always without fear. No fear entered her heart now on her lone waiting, except for the four within the mine. The range of mountains were darkly outlined against the starry sky. The trees stood as huge sentinels below her on the hillside. Somewhere an owl shrieked, a soft mountain breeze stirred the bushes and—

Nancy awoke with a start, every sense alert, as someone brushed by. Her first impulse was to remain hidden,



but seeing the figure go into the entrance she sat up and watched. The strange person, shrouded in black, did not reappear. Nancy peered into the blackness of the mine. She saw nothing, she heard nothing. She stepped inside and strained her eyes to penetrate the midnight about her. In the distance she saw a twinkle of light appear and vanish.

Common sense bade her return for help, but the thought of the four men within forced her forward. Stumbling, gasping, terrified, almost smothered, she kept on, following the distant guide. The figure finally stopped and turned a flashlight toward a pile of rocks. A tiny flash flared and then a steady twinkling gleam. The figure moved on.

Nancy was puzzled with fear. She could not go on, she could not go back. One step forward dislodged a rock which clattered for several feet. The figure ahead turned, and in mute agony Nancy fled into a side path.

A man dashed into the path from the other way. With a shriek Nancy crumpled in a heap.

In the dark chamber the four men had been keeping their silent guard. Ed Horton fidgeted and fingered his watch. Several times he suggested that they leave as there was nothing to see, but the others held out with a grim determination.

Jack wandered a little away from the rest and idly struck a match. As the tiny spark glowed, Ed sprang up with a yell and scurried down a passageway.

Before anyone could collect their senses, a cry of a woman sounded from that direction. Jack recognized Nancy's

voice and sprang after Ed. He arrived in time to see Ed snatch up Nancy and spring into a side path.

Jack could not see to follow, though he ran blindly into various channels. His light flickered and went out. He felt for a match; he had struck his last. Before him twinkled a tiny spark. He travelled toward it. It was dynamite to wreck the mine. A cold hand grasped his out-stretched arm. The spirit, though not strong, tore at him in such rage that he could not tear loose.

A quick glance told Jack that the fuse was at an end. Was he to be buried with this strange creature in the mine? Nancy's cry rang in his ear and by a quick tug he tore from the clutches of the ghost and jerked the fuse from the dynamite. Blackness enveloped them.

The absolute darkness concealed his form, while it revealed to him the black creature groping for the opening. He seized the writhing form and painfully felt his way down the rugged black passageway. As the entrance appeared, he gathered his remaining strength and dragged the struggling creature through the entrance into the cool air beyond.

A light twinkled from the office building, and toward this Jack led the black shrouded figure, which now had ceased its struggle and was shaking and shivering.

As he opened the door, he saw the three men, Nancy, and several miners grouped together. Ed was explaining that he thought Jack was setting fire to something and he sprang to stop him. He had found Nancy and brought her out. The men praised his bravery, but Nancy was puzzled.

*(Continued on page 26.)*



## *Chloe Proposes*

By SARA JENKINS, 1926.

The little god "Luck" certainly sat on the shoulder of the Reverend J. Chandler Glendenning as he came "stag" to the Leap Year party given at the Owen home. At least seven men would have testified as to the luck part of it, for did not Chloe O'Donnelley smile at him?

It happened after this manner. Chan stood almost in the dark, looking over the young people of his new congregation, picking out both name and face here and there. But here was a face that he was sure had never, in all his life, caught his eye. A face, framed with auburn hair, livened by dancing dark eyes, dimpled and gay, is not seen and forgotten. In his interest in that face, Chan moved into the light. The lady with the face was searching the faces of the company and, when her eyes lighted on him, she shook back her hair and moved toward him, the jade of her draperies streaming behind her. She smiled as she approached him.

"Only one 'prom' left, Mr. Glendenning. I have been saving it for you."

Glendenning searched his mind. No, he had never seen her before. "I am so glad you remembered me. Which is it?" he said simply.

"Number seven."

The cards changed hands and when Chan received his again, written in a clear hand apposite the numeral seven, was the name "Chloe O'Donnelley." Of course he might have known. He had heard tales of the lady, her delicious daring, her beauty and her fun.

She was evidently flirting with the new minister.

Chan had received six proposals from feminine lips before the charming Chloe took her turn.

"Run along, Tommy. I've the whole dignity of a minister to live up to in the next ten minutes. Let's make a dash for the swing, Mr. Glendenning."

Miss O'Donnelley had evidently been to the swing in the dark corner before, that evening. "Isn't this the proper atmosphere for the object of this ten minutes?" Chloe smiled mischievously at the young minister.

"Quite, I believe, Miss O'Donnelley, there's a lovely moon shining through those trees."

"Do you prefer a proposal performed on the knees of the proposer or not, may I ask before we begin?"

"I believe it's a bit inconvenient, Miss O'Donnelley, suppose we try it without."

The charming Miss O'Donnelley edged herself into the possession of Mr. Glendenning's left hand. "Darling," she declared in an exaggerated romantic voice, "I can not live without you. Allow me to be the sunshine of your home, to hold the hand of your congregation and be an example to the young of your church. Answer me, darling. I am so unhappy and I would be transported if you could only say 'yes.' I hang on your words."

Mr. Glendenning smiled, "And who is going to hold my hand when you are holding the hand of the congregation?"

"Oh, but I have two hands, sir!"



"Under those conditions, I will have to give you my heart I suppose, though I do hate to part with it." Mr. Glendenning drew a red pasteboard heart from his vest pocket and presented it with a deep bow.

The bell rang. "Do you always plead your cause so eloquently, Miss O'Donnelley? Or I suppose I might call my newly-made fiancée, Chloe?"

Chloe laughed and replied archly, "Where my eloquence is, there is my heart also. Of course, call me Chloe." Then turning she said, "Yes, Bob, I'm coming." Then, "I'll see you again, Mr. Glendenning."

Glendenning turned to look for his next lady and ran into Robert Ray, Chloe's escort for the evening, and Chan's old college friend.

"Chan," he said, "I have just heard that mother is sick and I must leave immediately. I wonder if you will see Chloe home for me?"

Chan did not decline the honor.

Chloe was in a high good humor on the way home, having been made the queen of hearts, because she was accepted by more of the young gentlemen than any other young lady present.

"I think I'll go to Utah and found a harem," she said gaily.

"But how are you going to hold the hand of my congregation when you are in Utah? You know I am a Methodist, not a Mormon."

"Well, I guess I'll kick the rest. Can't forego the pleasure of holding the hand of your congregation."

"I will remember and hold you to that promise," laughed Chan as he passed on to the parsonage next door.

Chan had the advantage of a number of Chloe's suitors. Chloe was her

father's housekeeper and it was easy for a next door neighbor who claimed the right of a fiance to fall heir to odd jobs. Chan became almost indispensable.

One Sunday, Chan called her up over the phone, after the service. Chloe was an Episcopalian. "Missed a good sermon this morning."

"And on what text did you preach?"

"Love your neighbor as yourself."

Chloe's soft laugh came over the wire. "I didn't need your sermon, sir. I keep that commandment."

The phone clicked. The congregation would have been shocked if it could have seen its pastor leaping the fence which divided the parsonage from its nearest neighbor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Conference had come and gone and leap year was growing hoary. Chan had a new church for the new year. He would be gone before the year was. But Chan was not packing. He was dressed in what he dubbed his "wedding clothes." He and his fiancée were arguing.

"But, Chloe, I want to start out properly. Wedding fees always go to ministers' wives."

"But Chan, I'm not your wife yet even if we are going to be married tomorrow."

"Well, I'll deposit it in your name. It's yours."

Then Chloe saw her way out. "It's just the amount for the wedding license. Buy that with it and settle it."

And that is why Mr. Glendenning laughs and teases his wife by telling her she was not content to propose to him and marry him in leap year but even paid for the wedding license.



## *The Winds*

By KATHLEEN BARDWELL, 1924.

*The North Wind's throne is a block of ice,  
His attendants are icicles cold;  
His kingdom is gloomy, drear, and bleak,  
His breath is boisterous and bold.*

*The East Wind sits on a misty cloud,  
Attended by showers of rain—  
She sends them over the valley and hill  
To ease the earth's parched pain.*

*Oh, dance yet merrily wavelets blue,  
By the cave where the West Wind dwells;  
She sings a song that is low and sweet  
Of corals and pink-lined shells.*

*The South Wind wears a crimson rose,  
Her maids are breezes light;  
The air is gold, and fountains dance  
In silvery magic bright!*

## *Diversion Versus Solitude*

By NITA SMITH, 1926.

"Will you have some coffee, Rosa?"

"Yes, thank you," a voice in an entirely different tone answered.

I heard this question and reply with amazement. Was it possible that Miss Rosa had a visitor for breakfast? The rooms occupied by Miss Rosa adjoined my bedroom, and, as the walls were very thin, I could hear plainly every word that was being said. Very much perplexed, I went down stairs to ask my mother if she knew when the caller had arrived.

Perhaps it may seem strange to my readers that I should make such an ado over the mere fact that a person was having a visitor; therefore, I will explain why, in this particular case, it was such an unusual occurrence.

Miss Rosa has been doing light housekeeping in my home for over two years, and has never been known to go visiting herself, or to receive callers in her own rooms. She was what might be termed a "recluse," for she never went to church, or to entertainments of any sort, and very seldom went outside of the house. She seemed to have no desire to mingle with other people.

That night, I heard the two ladies bidding each other good night.

"Good night, Rosa," the visitor said, "I hope you will rest well."



"Thank you," was the response.

Conversation of this kind was carried on for several days before I ventured to ask Miss Rosa who her company was.

"Company!" she repeated after me in a dazed manner. "Why, I have no company. What makes you think I have?"

I then explained to her that I had overheard their conversation. As I finished, she laughed heartily.

"My dear child," she said to me, "I was only talking to myself. I formed the habit in my childhood, because of the lack of playmates, and I have never been able to overcome it. Perhaps, after all, it is a fortunate thing. My views of life are very

different from any one else's and consequently I do not associate with other people. Talking to myself affords me amusement, and it breaks the monotonous silence. I would not be surprised if you were not afforded a little amusement yourself."

I could hardly repress the laughter as I thought of the way she had changed the tone of her voice in answering for her make-believe caller. I wondered as I left her how she ever managed to think of that. It certainly gave her little trick the necessary tinge that is required for reality.



## Alumnae Notes

By ELIZABETH WINN.

A great day in the history of old Wesleyan was February 16 when alumnae from all over Georgia met at a luncheon in Macon to discuss plans for the Greater Wesleyan campaign. The drive was given a glorious send-off by something that was not on the program at all. In fact, it was something beyond the power of any program committee to arrange. It was the cash gift of \$25,000 from Mrs. Dora L. McDonald of Cuthbert, Georgia, to endow the Wesleyan library. The gift was made in memory of Mrs. McDonald's daughter, Miss Eva Gertrude McDonald, who was graduated from Wesleyan in 1887. Nothing could have furnished greater inspiration and encouragement to an opening campaign. At this luncheon telegrams of congratulation were received from Governor Clifford Walker; Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, chairman of the Board of Trustees; Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, president of the Alumnae Association, and Dr. C. R. Jenkins, former president of Wesleyan College. Chairmen were appointed to conduct the campaign in each county in Georgia. They were given their instructions by Mr. Harrell Flintoff.

Not only have county chairmen been appointed all over Georgia, but, since the Alumnae luncheon of Wesleyan alumnae, plans have been completed in



other states. Alabama and Florida have strong associations, and the call of our Alma Mater has reached even New York and Washington. In New York, Miss Sarah Carr Conley is chairman for Manhattan, and Mrs. G. E. Courtwright is chairman for Brooklyn. Mrs. John Corri-

gan leads the campaign in Washington, D. C. At Charlotte, N. C., Mrs. R. Galloway Ross is chairman.

The state chairman for Florida is Mrs. Alexander Akerman, of Orlando, who will also act as city chairman for Orlando. Mrs. Akerman is a prominent club worker. In Jacksonville, the chairman is Mrs. T. C. Parker, who is a daughter of Prof. J. T. Derry, a former instructor at Wesleyan College, and who was the first president of the Alumnae Association.

In Alabama, organizations have been formed in Birmingham and Montgomery. Mrs. James Henry Ray has agreed to head the campaign at Birmingham where the prospects are bright for an active and hearty co-operation on the part of a large alumnae group there. Montgomery, too, gives promise of excellent work under the leadership of Mrs. William J. Hannah. These two cities have between them a large part of the alumnae body of Alabama.

Leaders of the campaign are expect-

*(Continued on page 29.)*



## Exchange Department

By DOROTHY THOMAS.

The Wesleyan wishes to congratulate the staff of the Toredor on the debut issue of this magazine, and to wish it the same success as has been that of the Wheel, the Campus, and the Phoenix.

The most noticeable feature of this number is the suggestion of the initial issue by the picture of a man making a bow on the outside cover. Attractive covers are always helpful, especially when they carry out such good ideas. However, such drawings should be presented in colors that harmonize instead of colors that clash. Moreover, this issue seems to be more of a joke book than a magazine. Why not add some fiction?

As a whole, the Toredor is a second-class publication which ranks along with Tech's Yellow Jacket. There are great possibilities in it, if the staff will guard against filling the future issues with practically nothing but jokes.

"The Lost Ideal" in the last publication of the Aggie Herald is well written, but it needs more care in the finishing touches. "Spring O'Mirth" is very unusual in a college paper.

The staff of the Herald should get a clearer conception of true journalistic style. Special care should be taken, as in the story, "Letter Men Receive Sweaters," not to enter editorial comment in any news article. Then, too, the feature is often buried in the story while an unimportant element such as the



time is in the lead.

Taking this issue all in all, an interested critic would say that it is below the standard. The articles are too short; too much space is taken up with unimportant names; and too little thought is given to exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Technican for March the seventh shows itself to be in the hands of interested managers. More articles such as "The Social Calendar" and "Engineering Education" would add to the attractiveness and the value of the paper. However, there is much room for improvement.

There is a lack of pictures or cartoons. The editorials and most of the articles, although well developed, would be considerably better if they were longer. And why not add some exchange comments? College men and women, although they enjoy reading about life at the other colleges, wish to see exchange comments of their as well as other publications.

After reading carefully the paper as a whole, a reader would say that the Technican is not what it could be. There is an overbalance of some material and a noticeable lack in other kinds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the past issues of the Blue Stocking that of February the twenty-third is the best. Many of the articles

(Continued on page 25.)



# *The Catch-All*

IN SPRING.

By ANNE APRILLE PHEULE.

I'd love to be a skipping lamb  
That gambols on the green  
When April's dawning breaks so fresh—  
"Twould be most gay, I ween!

But skipping—isn't lady-like,  
And gamb'ling is forbid;  
The dawn comes awf'ly early—  
Guess I'd rather stay a kid!

\* \* \* \* \*

DIDO.

Dido lived so long ago,  
And long ago she died, O!  
Yet still for her's a funeral march—  
Poor love with but one side, O!

For when that sailor left her cold  
Although she was a queen, O!  
She struck a match—went up in smoke,  
(For then was not pyreno.)

And Latin classes ever since  
For (and o'er) her have cried, O!  
And ev'ry Spring her ashes fly  
As though were just Dido!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hoi, POLLOI!

And while we're on the subject of  
Greek and Roman myths, tragedies, et  
cetera,—S A E, Phi Delta Theta,—we  
never DID lay any claim to the lofty  
brow, but at any rate, we never thought  
Euripides was a play!

THE PINCHED.

I sat on the campus at sundown,  
And watched the boys strut by;  
While girls strolled with them, arm in  
arm,  
Even as you and I  
(Would like to do!)

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor yet did we rave about the Shake-  
spearean Garden we're going to have in  
our backyard out at Rivoli.

\* \* \* \* \*

APRIL PHULOSOPHY.

For hearts may ache,  
But they seldom break,  
And youth must have love, so they  
say.

So I turn to the new,  
Yet I still think of you,—  
And the others of yesterday!

\* \* \* \* \*

AND I'LL SAY—

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures  
soote"

My new Springge hatte hath drenched,  
—and eek my coote  
Because I lette my parasol at schoole  
Ix woot my pride hath made me—  
Aprille's foole.

M. K. R.

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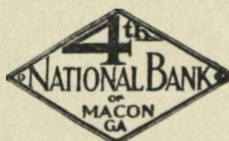
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### EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

*(Continued from page 22.)*

in this issue, although not above the average, are good. The editorials are short and effective.

However, there are three criticisms that, if considered, would improve the future issues. Editorial comment should be left out of the articles; informal write-ups should be left out of the paper as they do not help the literary standing; and the addition of alumni notes would make the paper more popular.

As the last word, the Wesleyan suggests that the Blue Stocking make its next number more attractive by the use of pictures or cartoons. The paper is about the average, but it can be raised higher if its editor only desires to lift it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Wesleyan acknowledges the receipt of the following: The Petrel, Sparks Red and Black, The Blue Stocking, The Technique, the Technican, The Tech High Rainbow, Aggie Herald, The Pine Branch, The Wofford Magazine, The Orange and Green, The Georgia Cracker, The Emory Wheel and The Campus.

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## AN INTRIGUE IN A MINING CAMP.

*(Continued from page 16.)*

"Why did you call me Jewel and say the Hodgson Coal Mine would pay us?" she questioned.

Jack's step drew all eyes toward him, as he held the ghost behind him on the steps. Linhart's eyes narrowed in contempt, Nancy's in sorrow, Tim's in a puzzle, and Ed Horton's face blanched.

The latter moistened his lips in an effort to speak. "The yegg! Trying to dynamite the mine!"

Jack knew in a glance that suspicion was fastened on him.

"I've brought the ghost," he announced, compelling the drooping figure to come from the darkness.

"I didn't want to!" screamed Jewel Horner's voice from the folds of the sheet. "Ed said we'd be rich! Hodgson would pay us! He made me be a ghost to frighten the miners so he could dynamite the mine to-night at one o'clock. He—"

Here with an oath Ed Horton sprang by, but the miners grabbed him

Jewel finished her story of how Ed had secretly married her. That night he boasted he would marry Nancy. In despair Jewel had determined to dynamite the mine with Ed in it, and she alone would claim the Hodgson money.

After the miners had taken the sobbing woman away, Linhart frowned to see Jack and Nancy bent over the little picture of Jack which Nancy had been wearing.

"Jack," spoke Linhart in a husky tone, "I can't—I can't let you go on—I don't know who you are. Nancy can't marry a stranger. I know—"



Tim was listening at the answer to his message on the telegraph.

"Hurrah, Jack!" he exclaimed, waving the sheet in his hand.

"All forgiven," it read. "You've proved up and made good, come home, father."

It was addressed to Jack Dalton Brockton, Junior.

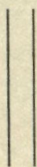
"My partner's son!" gasped Linhart.

Jack was smiling and shaking his head.

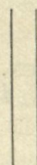
"Say, Tim, wire him to come here. I've got to fill that contract. Hodgson won't trouble any more after the trial. Tell him I came here to work in a coal mine and have found a gold mine."

He now turned to the "Gold Mine" with her blushes, and the others slipped out.

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## ALUMNAE NOTES.

*(Continued from page 21.)*

ing strong support from Atlanta, which has more alumnae than any single city except Macon. Mrs. Marvin Williams, formerly Mamie Wood, is a splendid leader of the work in Atlanta. She is wife of the pastor of the Wesley Memorial Church. Mrs. Williams is a popular speaker and writer, whose ability and personality will do much toward making the Atlanta drive a success.

Plans for the campaign in Macon itself are exciting a great interest among the many alumnae here. J. D. Crump has accepted the chairmanship for the city. Working with him is a local executive committee composed of P. T. Anderson, C. B. Lewis, W. D. Anderson, R. C. Jordan, J. E. Hall, Morris Harris, and Dr. William Russell Owen.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the guests at the Alumnae Luncheon was Miss Laura Bennett from Camilla. This remarkable woman accomplished a feat that would stump a champion psychologist when she rattled off from memory the complete list of her class mates of '79. After her graduation from Wesleyan Miss Bennett taught several years at Gainesville, Florida. She returned home and took a position at Camilla, where she has worked ever since, exercising a vital influence in the civic and religious life of the town.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oldest representative in the service and still able to serve" is the distinguished characteristic of Mrs. J. D. Bussey of Cuthbert. She was graduated in 1878. At the Alumnae Luncheon she was made chairman for Randolph county. Mrs. Bussey holds the dis-

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tion of being the first woman steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church South. She is now vice-president of the board of stewards.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the first week in March, Mrs. G. E. Courtwright was a guest of the college. She was formerly Miss Virginia Connelly of the class of 1916. While at Wesleyan Mrs. Courtwright spoke to the student body at chapel services, giving a sincere and beautiful explanation of passages of scripture. Mrs. Courtwright lives in New York, and is the campaign chairman for the Brooklyn district.

\* \* \* \* \*

An interesting letter has recently been received from Miss Lella Clark, a graduate of Wesleyan. She says: "I am an insurance agent and a Sunday school district officer. Queer combination, you think? It is surprising how they fit into one another. Both spell service to me! Both are fascinating because I love people, and both give me an opportunity to make new friends.

They throw me in contact with every type and class. My Sunday school work puts me in touch with rural folk."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Paula Snelling is a graduate who certainly has the right idea about the proper way for an alumna to behave. She says, "A definite part of my work will always be to send as many girls as possible to Wesleyan each year." In view of such a purpose it is not surprising to learn that this wide-awake graduate has already added fifteen names to Wesleyan's roll-book. Miss Snelling, a graduate of 1919, is now teaching mathematics in the Athens High School. While a student at Wesleyan she was a leader in student activities and an all-round girl. She was voted the best athlete at Wesleyan in 1919. Her loving interest in the college life has not waned, as she herself says, "I have been back to Wesleyan every year since I was graduated, and I find that instead of getting out of touch with my Alma Mater, that I am keeping more and more in touch with her as time goes on."

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## HISTORY OF COLONIAL NEWS-PAPERS.

*(Continued from page 6.)*

writing using English models. Especially was the Addison essay imitated since that afforded such a wide range of subjects and gave ample opportunities for character study.

If local wit failed them, their book shelves were searched for selections. Often whole issues of the Spectator were printed, also plays. "The London Merchant" appeared serially in the New England Weekly Courant shortly after it was produced in London. Pope's essays and Dryden's satires were often quoted.

From all the influences we should surely expect some good results. The first was that the newspaper became the center of literary life until 1740 and English literature was known and imitated here much sooner than was supposed. The second and really the most important result was that Franklin's best work was done for the newspapers.

There were also many difficulties to be overcome during this period. It has been said that in Colonial times journalism was not a profession but a hard job.

All paper had to be imported from England. But in 1690 a paper mill was established at Germantown, Pennsylvania. Then it became the custom for almost every paper to have its own paper mill.

Ink also had to be imported from England. This being so troublesome and expensive, the ink was sometimes made from wild berries which perhaps explains why the papers were so illegible.

*Weekly - Style - Service***New Charlotte****HAIBE HATS**

Received Each Week

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MACON,

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The winter months brought added difficulties. No news could be received from England. Then, in printing the paper, the sheets had to be dipped in water, which often caused them to freeze before they could be used. If an editor overcame these difficulties, then the roads were often so bad that the papers could not be delivered.

We find many forerunners of the newspaper. The first, perhaps, was the broadside published by Samuel Greene in 1609, called "The Present State of New England Affairs." This was printed in order to correct a false report, although some domestic news was also included. But the governor forbade such except "published by governmental authority" and the freedom of the press came only after a hard fight.

In 1690, Benjamin Harris printed his Public Occurrences. Harris had been arrested and sentenced to prison in England for an attack on the king. Yet we see the same fearless spirit in the Public Occurrences. In this paper, he attacked the government claiming that the Indian allies of the colonists had been allowed to mistreat some French prisoners. Of course, the result was that his paper was suppressed and freedom of the press was delayed longer.

Here also we find the spoken newspaper. In the barrooms news was exchanged over the pipes and ale. Sometimes its news reports, which were tacked on the walls, were the chief attractions. But a countryman often came to town for the news and came home also full of something he could very well have done without.

The clergy also often gave out the news of the day. The Reverend Father Gaberial Richards of the Catholic



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in the South. You see  
the new styles first at Allen's

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*A Shoe Service Complete and  
Distinctive*

To fit everyone fashionably,  
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Everyone knows it. Every-  
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*We all love Wesleyan—  
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**WOOD - PEAUVY'S**  
GIFTS WORTHY OF YOUR  
PATRONAGE



Church had the news cried from the church door every Sunday, "since," he said, "the people would come for news and stay for church."

But what we may call the first real newspaper was the Boston News Letter, published in 1704 by Campbell. As Campbell was postmaster, he had access to all the news that came in the colony. This first issue contained an extract from a back number of the London Flying Post, a few marine notices, and Boston scrap gatherings all in one-half sheet of "pot" paper.

Campbell was truly Scotch with a Scotchman's passion for strict truth. We see in one of his papers that, "On Thursday night last, Sampson Watters, a young man, went well to bed and was found dead next morning." What a story our modern reporter would have made!

It was Campbell also who printed the first extra, the occasion of which was the execution of six pirates on the Charles River, June 30, 1704. It was surprisingly like our modern extras, containing a really vivid description of the "exhortations to the malefactors" and prayer made by ministers after the pirates were in the scaffold, while only old news was given in the rest of the paper.

The Boston News Letter held undisputed monopoly of dullness until Campbell was removed from the postoffice and William Brooker was appointed to succeed him. Campbell refused to let his paper go through the mail; so it seemed a good time to Brooker to start a paper of his own. The Boston Gazette was published in 1719. Campbell proved his spirit, which he had failed to show before, and his paper

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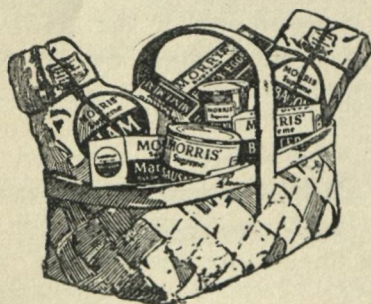
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## Morris & Company

*Branch of North American Provision Co.*



came out with "I pity the people that must read the Boston Gazette. That paper smells more of ale than of midnight oil." The dispute between Campbell and Brooker as to whether Campbell has been fired or had resigned filled up a large part of many issues of both papers.

But the most important thing in connection with the Boston Gazette was the introduction of the Franklins who were to play such an important part in Colonial journalism. James Franklin printed this paper until he lost his job, when Philip Musgrove succeeded Brooker as postmaster.

James Franklin then began his New England Courant, 1721. Failure was predicted as he had no means of getting news. But instead of this, he only held up the stale news of the other papers for ridicule. Franklin had a private library that excelled the public ones at that time.

A number of articles were written for the paper by Benjamin Franklin under the name of "Silence Dogood." After separating from his brother, Franklin finally settled in Philadelphia, where through the aid of the Bradfords, he received work from Krimer, an editor of that city. At last, in 1729, he

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MILLINERY  
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NECKWEAR, ETC.**

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became editor of his own paper, the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin, the great political and editorial genius, was to use his success to swell the cause of liberty and democracy.

The "Gazette" proved to be the favorite name of these early newspapers. The first paper printed in nine of the colonies was named Gazette; in the four remaining colonies where the first paper had some other name, we find the word Gazette in the name of the second paper published.

In the South, the newspapers were much the same as in the North, only published later. In Georgia, the first paper was edited in 1763 at Savannah, by James Johnston. Thus the Colonial period marked only the beginning of liberty and freedom of the press that came after the Revolutionary War.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COLLEGE ORDERS

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PHONES 362-363



## SWEET REVENGE.

*(Continued from page 8.)*

thought herself the sole possessor of the boy's heart and affection.

"Why, he even asked me to wear his frat pin," sighed Sally hopelessly, "I wouldn't believe him again for anything. He must have felt differently towards me!"

"Did he tell you he'd lost it, and would order one for you if you would be his 'very own little girl'?" asked Rosiline. "That's the gag he handed me, and I fell on it, too." She started sobbing something about the infidelity of man.

"The dirty dog—somebody ought to give him some of his own medicine. I'll tell you what—." The girls whispered and giggled a few moments, got up, dressed hurriedly, tiptoed downstairs,

and out into the summer house, and hid themselves behind the wisteria vines quietly and with trepidation.

In the meantime, Zeke's line was warming up.

"Zeke, your eyes look so sad sometimes. I believe you have a secret sorrow!" Jean looked up into the big brown eyes in question and giggled.

There was a full moon, a huge mellow disk shining through the vines overhanging the summer house; these circumstances were not particularly inductive to silence.

"Well, little girl, you're so sympathetic, I believe I'll tell you about it; but it's hard—I've never told a soul, and somehow it brings it all back so vividly, as if it happened yesterday, and it was three years ago."

"Please tell me, Zeke."

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DAILY CHANGE OF  
PROGRAM

"Don't Jean—you remind me so much of her, when you look like that." There was a break in his voice.

"Oh," cooed Jean. "Do I really, Zeke?"

"She was a darling little sweetheart to me!" The line was started. "We were engaged. I never can forget the day I saw her first; it was love at first sight. She had the bluest eyes, the blackest hair, the dearest smile, lips like rosebuds, how I did worship that girl!"

"You look so much like Gloria, Jean," he looked at her for a moment, and continued, "somehow I feel closer to you already than I've ever felt towards a girl since."

"We were blissfully happy, those wonderful spring days," the boy drew his hand over his face, and sat musing, with a far-away look, and a smile of tender recollection playing around his perfectly chiseled lips.

"Jean," he caught her hand in both of his own, then let it fall absently, "We were to be married the day after my graduation from Princeton; I was to go right into Dad's firm. We'd even selected our little home, and had had such fun picking out the furniture when I'd go home for week ends."

"And"—encouraged the girl.

"She was taken ill very suddenly—ptomaine—on Monday night, three days before the day. I got the telegram just as I started out to the house for a farewell smoker. I jumped in my roadster and burnt the wind; got there in less than two hours."

"It was just such a night as this. I remember pacing up and down the porch waiting for the doctor's permission to go to her."

"And I went in and she didn't even



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*Optometrist and Optician*

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*Eyes Examined for Glasses without  
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PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED  
GLASSES FITTED  
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IDLE HOUR FLOWERS  
FRESH-CUT DAILY FROM  
OUR OWN GREENHOUSES

**IDLE HOUR  
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*Quality Service Reliability*

know me—I was too late! How could Fate be so hard! I sat there holding her little white hand in mine—watching my darling, hoping against hope. I watched the clock—the doctor had said if she lasted until one o'clock there was a chance."

"But—my darling died—"

"AT QUARTER OF ONE,"—six girlish voices drowned out the tremendous masculine sob.

---

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell King, of Macon, announce the engagement of their daughter Harriet Tracy to Mr. James Perry Hartness, of Starksville, Mississippi. The marriage will take place in April. Miss King was graduated from Wesleyan in 1920.

\* \* \* \* \*

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Forehand to Mr. Claude Hougabook was solemnized at the home of the bride in Montezuma, February 12. The wedding was a surprise to the guests who had assembled for a party. Miss Forehand was a student at Wesleyan for several years. Mr. Hougabook is in business in Montezuma where they will reside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Lida Franklin, of Zebulon, Georgia, recently visited Miss Lois Rogers. After her graduation from Wesleyan in 1916, Miss Franklin taught for three years at Coleigio Palmore, Chihuahua, Mexico, a coeducational Methodist School. She is at present a teacher in the Zebulon High School. During her visit Miss Franklin spoke to the Wesleyan Student Volunteers.



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